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MORO BATTLEFIELD VETERANS ARRIVE ON THE SHERIDAN

The Twenty-eighth Infantry Are in Town.

Regiment Suppressed Uprising of the Fanatics.

Fresh from the battlefields of Mindanao under the command of General Leonard Wood, and proud of its record in its operations against the fanatical Moros, the Twenty-eighth United States Infantry, arrived at Honolulu yesterday on the transport Sheridan, en route to the mainland. The regiment was engaged in hard fighting a month ago, and was willing to have continued in the field against the bolowielding Moros, had not positive orders been received recalling the regiment to take its turn in being transported back to the mainland. The Twenty-eighth was an important factor in this recent campaign in making of a military record for General Leonard Wood.

The Sheridan arrived early yesterday morning from Nagasaki and Manila. The vessel left Manila on December 14 and Nagasaki December 23. The voyage throughout was pleasant, the only unusual event being the death of a soldier three days out from Manila.

The Sheridan carries about 1500 persons, including the entire 28th regiment, 44 discharged men and civilians, 44 prisoners, 48 sick. In the cabin she carries 68 men, 24 women, 13 children; and in the second cabin 21 men, 5 women and 5 children. The crew of the transport consists of 202 persons.

The vessel will resume her voyage to San Francisco at 7 o'clock this morning.

Among the passengers for Honolulu was Captain A. W. Catlin, U. S. M. C., who is to command the United States marine guard at the Honolulu Naval Station. The detachment is expected from the mainland about the middle of February.

Among other officers well known in Honolulu is Lieut. A. J. Dougherty, who, a couple of years ago, married Miss Martha Afong of Honolulu. Mrs. Dougherty and child accompany the officer. She and the child spent yesterday at the residence of her mother, Mrs. Julia Afong. Lieut. Dougherty is highly spoken of by officers of the regiment for efficiency and service.

Col. O. J. Sweet, a well known officer, is in command of the 28th. The regiment reached Manila December 11, 1901, and was distributed in Cavite and Batangas provinces, among ten army posts. Later the regiment saw service in Batangas province while in pursuit of the forces of the rebel general Malvar. This was in the spring of 1902. The regiment acted in conjunction with the Fifth Infantry, Sixth Cavalry and Philippine Scouts, under the general command of General Bell. Malvar eventually surrendered at Cavite. In 1902 the regiment built a military road in Mindanao from the sea to Lake Lanao.

Last November the regiment was sent from Iligan Bay to the island of Jolo and was forwarded under General Leonard Wood to suppress the uprising of Moros.

An outpost of four men in the 28th was attacked at night by Moros and all were killed, one dying after reinforcements had repulsed the Moros. Between November 12 and 20 there was a series of skirmishes in which 130 Moros were killed and one man killed and six wounded in the regiment. On November 14 Datto Hassan led Major Scott into ambush. Major Scott was wounded in the hand.

STATEMENTS OF THE OFFICERS.
General Wood requested that the Twenty-eighth Infantry should be retained in Mindanao for an additional month, in order that this experienced regiment might clear out the rebellious dattos and lesser tates of the lake region, who are as insurgent, today, as ever they were in the history of the American occupation of these islands. The request was turned down.

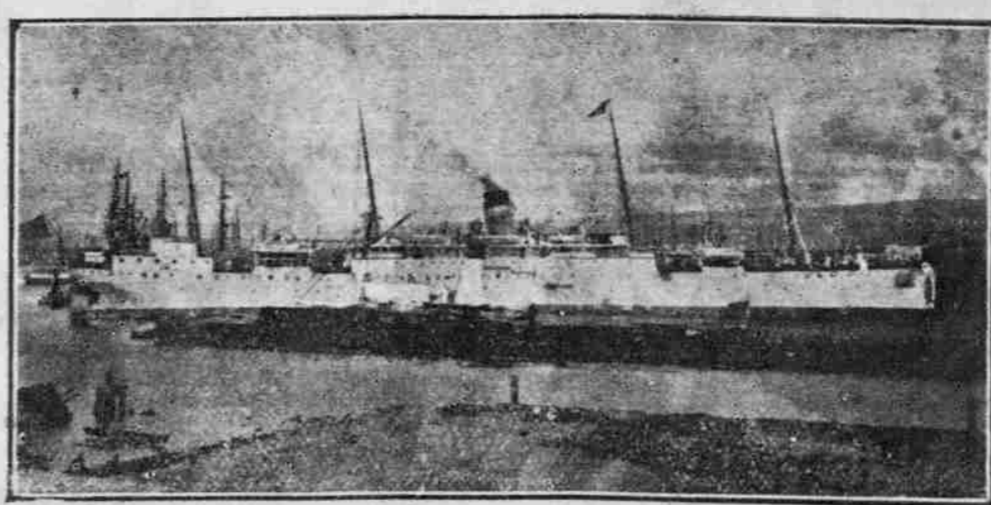
When General Wood reached Marahui with his field force the natives living in the neighborhood of the post manifested a healthy respect for the strong display of military power presented to their gaze. The Sultan's runners apprised that fanatic of the close proximity of the American host, in the elaborated numerals peculiar to the tribesmen of the south when the force described exceeds the limit of their calculatory powers, and the autocrat of the lake-shore showed a disposition to come down from his perch of conceit. Then the despatches came pouring in from Major Scott, and Wood was forced to alter his plan and descend on the traitors of Jolo.

The day after the camp at Marahui was denuded of its strength to the utmost extent admissible, the tribesmen showed the cloven hoof.

BLACK TREACHERY.

A spear was hurled at an outpost within ten hours of the departure of the column. Warning messages were in transit hourly.

Two sergeants went out to bring in some hogs for the mess. They were attacked in an isolated spot, one was mortally wounded—First Sergeant



U. S. A. T. SHERIDAN.

—Advertiser Photo.

Painter, of I company—and his gun was taken by one of the rebel gang. His comrade, Morrow, stood over him, and shot two of the Moros, the others running away.

Morrow brought his butchered companion-in-arms back to camp.

On the foreshore, about a mile below the camp, a number of small boats, used for transport purposes on the lake, were beached. Near by a guard was placed, with a tent for the use of the men off outpost duty. On the night of November 13, the guard consisted of Sergeant J. G. Stephens and Privates Frank Bowser, Elmer H. Burke and Fernando Keithley, all of H company. Keithley was doing outpost, his eyes skinned for business—bitter experiences had warned the little garrison of Marahui that the work cut out for them was no toy-soldiering. Stealthy foes were about in legion.

It was after midnight when Keithley mounted guard, and a sky as black as a wolf's throat frowned overhead. The moon would not come out until half past one. Now and then the phosphorescence gleamed on the crests of the water, the waves plashed on the pebbles of the beach, or a gloomy night-bird raised its dismal wail croaking evilly. Beyond this, there was neither light nor sound. The moments sped too slowly for Keithley, and more than once he looked to his Krag, bayoneted ready for action. He did not dare risk the solace of the companionable weelights attract the lurking foe. He glanced again and again at the place where the moon was most likely to appear with its pale but welcome light. He scanned the approaches to the tent steadily and carefully. The process was repeated several times. All was well.

KEITHLEY'S HEROIC FIGHT.

Suddenly, his quick ear caught the sharp sound of a twig snapping right behind him. He wheeled round, with his finger on the trigger of his rifle; as he did so, twenty Moros, all armed to the teeth, sprang into view. He was speared while shouting an alarm to his sleeping comrades. He shot his leading assailants, and rushed to guard the entrance to the tent. The latter was cut through by the fanatics, and the sergeant's back was laid open by the blade of a camplan (two-handed bolo) before he could rise from his cot. The two privates, whose slumber was thus rudely broken in upon, dashed out, Krag in hand, to be instantly booted to pieces before their eyes were fairly open.

Keithley had been badly wounded in the thigh by the first spearthrust, but he stood his ground manfully. He shot and thrust his bayonet at the horde around him (which had gathered force, considerably,) like a Trojan. Many of his foes bit the dust.

WOUNDED EIGHT TIMES.

Burke was being overpowered at the water's edge when this brave private soldier, scattering his assailants before him, like another Cyrano de Bergerac, rushed to his aid, and succeeded in extricating him, for the time being, from his peril. Burke had lost his rifle in the unequal contest, and blood was gushing from a gaping wound. Keithley stood over him, like a lion at bay, and dealt telling blows to right and left.

He was wounded in six places while thus defending his fallen comrade. Then the Moros made a vicious attack, the sharp edge of a camplan—which has a longer reach than a rifle and bayonet—cut through the wrist of his right hand and his left forearm, and while Keithley's attention was focussed upon his foes in front, others attacked from the water, gave Burke his mortal wound, and booted Keithley across the region of the spine.

Then only, his comrades all slain, and himself wounded in eight places, every cut of an ugly sort, did he think of his own safety. He rushed the gang of savages ranged around him, shot down two of them as a parting touch, and made for the camp.

TERRIBLE FIGHT ENDS IN DEATH.

He had to fight every inch of the rough way for the better part of a mile, his pursuers masked in the black pall of the tropical night, hurling darts and spears at the plucky fugitive who had put up such a gallant fight. When he reached the outpost of the camp he fell fainting into the arms of the first sentry. He had received four mortal wounds in his flight, and he was literally bleeding all over. The first clasp of the arms of a friend brought him to, and in a few hurried words he told what had happened. A force rushed to the lake, assisted by the feeble light of the awakening moon, the Moros were scattered, and the bodies of the fallen soldiers recovered.

Had the garrison of Marahui been sufficiently strong, the perpetrators of that night attack would have been taught a lesson when dawn peeped forth, next morning. The blood of the men was boiling—there are no cold feet in the fighting Twenty-eighth—but the weakness of the little force held the hand of the commanding officer. It was a case of wait. They did wait, hoping that when their comrades returned from their punitive expedition on the island of Jolo they would get their revenge. As a lieutenant expressed it, yesterday: "We

wanted to get home but not, however, until we had played the last act of the Marahui drama."

General Wood appreciated this feeling, and he was anxious to retain Colonel Sweet's fine regiment in Mindanao until the Sultan of Taraca was brought to his senses. His intention was to use the Twenty-eighth and the Twenty-third. He made the usual formal request by wire. A negative answer was the result.

To return to Keithley: his comrades did all they could to lessen the pain of his wounds. All the scant comforts that a post hospital could afford a dying man were his. His trunk, head, and all of his limbs were a mass of horrible wounds. One bolo point had penetrated his groin. He was cheerful to the end, gamely meeting death. He survived until four o'clock on the day after his gallant struggle, and although his sufferings must have been unspeakable, he never uttered a groan.

The four victims of the nocturnal fight were buried with all the honors soldiers can give their heroic dead.

DEATH AND BETRAYAL OF PRIVATE BRENNAN.

In contrast with this striking picture of gallantry on the field of battle is the story of the death of Private Martin Brennan, of Troop A, Fourteenth Cavalry.

Brennan was with two men of his troop on one of the Jolo skirmishing expeditions. The three became detached from the main force through some unexplained cause, and they were soon the targets of a Moro party. Brennan was wounded in the head, but not mortally, or even seriously. His comrades, so it is said, dropped their carbines without firing a shot and fled. A native woman dismembered the unconscious Brennan. Men of K company of the Twenty-eighth witnessed this spectacle from a distance. They were too far off to do the rescue work which the wounded man's trooper comrades were too cold-footed to perform. They did what they could, however. Unable to save, they avenged. Two dozen Krag sent the messages of death whistling through the air, and the she-fiend rolled over, dead, pierced by many bullets.

DARING LIEUTENANT COLLINS.

But heroic deeds too many to be all recorded here were done in the mountains of Jolo.

For example, when a strongly entrenched party of Moros were snipping a skirmishing score of Colonel Sweet's boys in khaki, First Lieutenant Collins showed the swine-haters what an American officer can do in the death-daring line. The Moros aimed badly, as a rule, but the shooting that was coming from this particular fort was getting too close to the mark to be altogether pleasant. Collins stole round a sheltering boulder, fired his revolver, a shot came in response, the lieutenant played the wounded man, uttered a cry, as if in pain, and quick as thought was on the wall of the fort, peppering the Moros who had rashly exposed themselves. The earthworks were in the hands of the attacking party in less time than it takes to count ten.

TWENTY-EIGHTH AND WOOD.

The officers and men of the Twenty-eighth have nothing but golden words for General Wood. Many holders of commissions and humbler soldiers were asked what they thought of Wood as a leader in actual warfare. Not one spoke in a disparaging way. The general opinion may be summed up in the following words, spoken by an officer who has seen much active service:

"Wood has plenty of grit and horse-sense. He has the brain power which makes the successful leader, and he is full of pluck."

"You will never find him with the baggage train when there is fighting on in front. If there is anything doing, you may be sure that he is in it; and while he is brave, he is not reckless. He deserves his two stars if ever a man did."

"He is popular with the Twenty-eighth?"

"You just bet your life he is."

World's Automobile Record.

Pacific Automobiling of Dec. 15 contains full accounts, illustrated, of the great automobile races at Agricultural Park, Los Angeles, in which Barney Oldfield again broke the world mile record. The time was 55 seconds, the mile continuing from one run just one-fifth second slower which broke the previous record of 55 4-5. Eddie Cowan, brother of C. A. Cowan of the Pioneer Automobile Co., Honolulu, drove the Rambler in some of the races. He came in second of three, and third of four entries. The picture of Cowan on his machine appears in the magazine.

Fresh water bathing a feature on the Heights.

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TO FEEL YOUNG AGAIN; TO realize the joyous sparkle of nerve life as it infuses the body with its glowing vitality; to feel the magnetic enthusiasm of youthful energy; to be happy, light hearted and full of joyous impulses; to be free from spells of despondency, from brain wandering, from the dull, stupid feeling; to have confidence, self-esteem and the admiration of men and women! Such is the wish of the broken-down man, and it may be attained.

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